

I'm A Dragon, So What?

by LastTimeBro

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Summary: I'm back in the saddle again! :D Anywho, summery: Hiccup, so low on himself, decided to take his own life. That was years ago.

Now, because of a very special Night Fury, he has a second chance at life. But with a second chance comes with responsibility. Will he be able to handle it without exposing his secret to all of Berk?

Fem!Toothless. Toothless/Hiccup sister/brother

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*A/N:** Hey bitchezzzz, I'm back! I decided to re-write this story (now that I know how to write) and make it as good as I can. So, bear with me as I rewrite this. Also, thank you for taking the time to read my other stories (if you have). I'm sorry I haven't updated. I've been on a long and rather shameful hiatus. But, it's over. And I'm back. I also have three other accounts to manage now too. Yes I am a dumbass. LoL I love you guys. **\*\***

**\*\*~BeingGirl aka BGishBack\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>The day was a normal, horrid one, just like any other, you could say. The clouds were covering the sun, bathing the landscape in a black shadow and cool air. Nothing really stood out. Nothing except the odd boy who was talking to the Night Fury.<p>

When we zoom in, we see none other than Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, talking to his pet dragon, known to the world as "Toothless." But, what if this were not his real name? Rather, it being something along the lines of Verihama, Hiccup's sister dragon. It doesn't make much sense, considering that Hiccup is a human, and that Verihama is, well, a dragon. But they are related by blood.

It happened a long long time ago...

(Change in P.O.V)

A young boy moped through the forest, holding himself in a small hug. The others had made him leave the battle grounds yet again, calling him words like 'lame' and a 'moron.' Today his self-esteem was particularly low. He just woke up on the wrong side of the bed. His cousin, Snotlout definitely noticed the difference in Hiccup and took advantage of the situation, doing his best to stay in the 'cool crowd.' Unlike Hiccup, he had something to prove. And what that meant was he did all he could to prove that he was not related to the young chief-in-training.

Hiccup had hung his head after the morning's usual bullying session and left the others, heading for the forest as he always did in situations like this. We catch up with him here, as he hugs himself sadly, walking towards his favorite watering hole.

The ten-year-old sat down and looked into the water's mirror. "What's wrong with me?" he asked the still portrait. A fish grabbed a bug from the air, causing the water to ripple, distorting Hiccup's view of himself. "Bah!" he yelled, waving at the water and pushing himself away from it's view. He brought his knees up to his chest, and hugged them tightly to himself. "I'll never be anything to this tribe." it was hard to feel this way, but it was inevitable. Ever since his mother had died, life had taken a turn for the worst. All the bullying that he went through never used to bother him, because his biggest fan was at home, waiting for him with open arms. Now she was gone, and he would never see her again.

Tears came to his eyes as he realized again the pain that he always seemed to hold in whenever he was around his father. Sure, he loved his father, but the man wasn't exactly the figure he wanted in his life. Sometimes, he thought, it would have just been easier if Stoic had died, and not Valhalarama. But there was nothing he could do to change it.

He looked to the murky sky, desperate for any sign of lighting, mostly in his life. Instead what met him was a crack of thunder, and a rather quick start to a downpour. This only drove his mood further down, made his depression so much worse. In a bout of fury, he glared into a flash of lightning and screamed "WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?" His answer was in the thunder, again, and he read it wrong. "Fine!" he whispered to himself, standing up. "I'm out of here." and with that, he put his hand over his heart and jumped into the watering hole.

\* \* \*

><p>It took hours for anyone to realize that Hiccup was gone, especially during the storm they were encountering. It was the weekly hurricane that drove through. The people of Berk were prepared for this, however, and stayed in their warm homes to wait it out. Not even Stoic the Vast noticed his son was gone, thinking that he was in his upstairs room, hiding in the closet or under the bed like the boy always did.<p>

Thunder and lightning crashed over head, and the wind grew in speed, becoming louder and louder on the outside. Stoic felt a small pang of fear within his huge, adrenaline-addicted heart. The house sounded like it was trying to fall down, what with the way the wood creaked

and moaned, and with the way the house shook in the howling wind. A loud crashing noise surprised Stoic, bringing him out of his thoughts. Something had fallen, and as the chief of his tribe, it was his job to see if anyone had been injured.

"I'm going out, Hiccup! You stay put!" he yelled into the empty house. He waited for a response, shrugged when he got none, and ran out into the storm, being sure to slam the door shut behind him.

He \_thought \_Hiccup was hiding, and that perhaps the boy had fallen asleep. In reality, his son was dead, and, at the bottom of the dragon's watering hole.

This is exactly where the boy would be found the next morning, noticed by none other than a vicious Night Fury herself.

The sleek, black scales of the dragon shone purple in the unhinged sunlight. She chortled and bounced around happily, stretching her legs out after hiding in a small, uncomfortable cave throughout the storm. Being that she was a weak flyer, and that she had always been rather dopic, it was easy to understand why she refused to fly. She, too, was the outcast of her people. Being too 'stupid' to fit in (when she was really just fun-loving and easy going), she decided to leave her nest long ago.

Shoving her tongue into the water, she tasted something that didn't seem right. There was an odd smell and movement to the water, almost as though it had become a shrill solid in the past storm. If she knew anything about water, it was that the liquid never seemed more healthy or full of life than after a hurricane.

She stuck her head under the water, looking for the cause of the strangeness in the water. Looking left and right, her neck twitched like a cat's, not wasting any time on the movement as humans usually do. And that is when she found him. She brought her head out of the water and exhaled, feeling very much out of breath. Then, she took in another deep breath and dove in, swimming to the bottom to the odd human on the muddy floor.

She picked him up in her toothless mouth by the arm and slowly brought him back up to the surface. He was already dead, but she didn't want to injure the weak body. Plus, dead, soggy human never tasted very good. Her head broke the surface of the water, and she jumped out, the boy's arm still in her mouth. Then she placed him in the grass, watching as though waiting for something.

When the human didn't move, she gathered that he must have surely been dead. She put her ear down to his mouth. No breath was coming, and she heard no heart-beat. Being able to recognize these things in dragons had been part of what made her an outcast. Sure, she was a powerful healer, but no dragon ever wanted to admit that they were hurt. Especially not to a female.

She put her mighty lips to his and breathed into him. A purple mist formed around them both. The mist left her body and engulfed him as she continued to breathe for him.

When the mist met his body, he began to twitch. Soon, he was breathing on his own. The Night Fury pulled her head back and smiled, watching as the human's eyes started to twitch. Feeling very

triumphant, she smiled to herself. Then, the boy moaned, beginning to move his head from side to side.

The dragon took this as a sign to leave, and she winked at the body. \_I cannot wait to see you again, my brother. \_She whispered to him mentally before taking to the skies.

Hiccup awoke, feeling like his chest was on fire. He coughed and choked, spitting up the last of the water that had soaked into his system. "Damn it!" he coughed, wiping his mouth with the back of his wet shirt sleeve. He felt so stupid for actually trying to take his own life. What had he been thinking? "Thank Odin for the second chance." he praised happily, sitting up for the first time.

The pain in his lungs subsided as a much worse pain began to form in his gut. Someone \_had \_indeed saved him. But, then, why had he been left on the ground for all that time? The storm could have surely killed him itself! That's when it hit him. \_The storm! \_he thought to himself. \_I hope the village is alright!\_ and with that he stood up and started towards his home.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Now, I don't know if this is any better. But I hope it is. Enjoy! c:\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N: I was so happy when you guys gave me so many reviews right off the bat! \*squee\* I loves you! :3 :D So, I decided to work on chapter 2, mostly because I don't know the next time I'll be able to write chapter 3. Haha, so, anyways, thank you! I have a twitter account if you want to follow me. :3 \*\*

\*\*BG\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Ahhhh..." Hiccup stretched, feeling exhausted for the first time since he woke up. "It's good to be home." he never realized that he had died, or that he had been brought back. Stoic was still out, making sure the villagers repaired their houses after the bad storm. Hiccup was home alone.<p>

The young boy waddled over to the fireplace, hugging himself for warmth. There was wood in the pit, but no fire. He shivered again and coughed. He needed a fire \_now. \_He got down on his knees, leaned into the fire pit, and pulled out two sticks. Then he began frantically rubbing them together. "Come on...come on..." he spoke out loud as a reflex to the desperation. When nothing happened, he only rubbed harder. "Come on, you stupid sticks!" soon, his little arms were worn out, and he threw the sticks on the floor. "Damn it!" he hissed, crossing his arms in frustration.

His throat started to feel warm, almost hot, and he coughed again. Something wasn't right, he could tell. Out of instinct, he got down on his hands and knees and shoved his head into the fire pit. A rush of hot liquid rushed up his throat, and he gagged, spitting it out on the fire. In an instant, the fire was a blazing mess of sticks. He

pulled his head back and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. The liquid on his hand burned, and he winced, rubbing it off onto the dirt floor.

\_So, I've got projectile vomiting now. \_He thought to himself as he laid on the floor in front of the fire. \_I've never heard of it randomly combusting though. \_He yawned and his eyes drifted shut. \_Maybe it's just because I've never vomited before... \_And with the final thought, he was out cold.

A few hours passed, but they were not uneventful. Hiccup had a very restless slumber, though he himself would have no memory of it when he awoke. Something strange was happening to his body while he slept. In the first ten minutes his body had sprouted a Night Fury's tail and re-absorbed it. By the time Stoic had gotten home to find his son fast asleep in front of a dying fire, Hiccup had successfully become a full dragon four times. And if he didn't wake up soon, he would be approaching his fifth.

But Stoic had other ideas as he smiled evilly at his sleeping son. If there was anything Stoic loved more than being the Chief, it was the pranks he got away with playing. He chuckled silently and tip toed over to the small boy. Now, he had a choice. He could pull Hiccup's hair (and make the child cry) or he could mess up his own hair and beard and pretend to be a hair monster. He laughed at the second option. Hiccup had asked him specifically to be a hair monster some day rather than grab him by the hair. With renewed curiosity, Stoic went with the latter, pulling out his pony tails and messing up his hair.

When he got down to Hiccup's level, all that could be seen was part of both of Stoic's irises. The chief sucked in a deep breath, held it, and with a great burst of energy, exhaled in the form of a scream.

Hiccup's eyes flew open, and he jumped up off the floor, running straight into the wall without even thinking. The bump to the head brought him out of it, and he fell on his butt, rubbing his head miserably. "Ow." he whimpered, looking at his dad. "Why would you do that?"

Stoic laughed out loud, grabbing hold of his large belly. "You-you should have s-seen your face!" the man yelled, tears streaming down his cheeks. "That was priceless!"

Hiccup's eyes narrowed as he stood up and brushed himself off. It was moments like these that made him wish the worst on his father. Leaving Stoic to his laughter, the small boy snuck out of the big, main room and headed up the stairs towards his own, smaller and cozier room. He got up to his room without a hitch, and was collapsing, naked, into bed in a matter of seconds, wet clothes soaking the floor. He would sleep this way for many more hours, undisturbed by Stoic or anyone else.

\* \* \*

><p>The night was getting darker, and Stoic yawned, rubbing the dirt out of his eyes. "Alright, old Chiefy." he whispered to himself, standing up out of his dragon pelt chair. "Time for bed." he went up to the second floor, where his room was as well, and stopped at his

door. Hiccup was snoring softly in the next room. He chuckled and pushed the door open, darkness flooding around them.<p>

He smiled sweetly and leaned down, inches from the boy's face, when, he realized, that his boy was nowhere to be found. In the child's bed lay none other than a sleeping Night Fury cub. Stoic looked down on the floor. Cold, wet clothes lay smashed under his feet. His eyes widened, and he looked back up at the Night Fury. Every bit of him wanted to scream at the dragon. But he didn't have his battle axe on him, and he knew damn well that if he tried to attack the dragon without some sort of weapon, that he would die.

Very carefully, he backed away from the monster in the bed and out the door to his son's room. In a rush he ran into his own, throwing clothes and trash every which way, searching for his sharpest blade. With a sharp prick to the knuckle, he found it's handle. The wood had managed to draw blood, but he didn't care. Involuntarily, though, he had let out a small yelp. That yelp was small enough to disturb Hiccup in the next room, who awoke and shook his ear. "Dad, be quiet!" he yelled in frustration.

Stoic heard the dragon growl from the other room, and he stood up, rushing into Hiccup's room, practically falling over his feet to get there. "YOU KILLED MY SON!" Stoic yelled, swinging the axe at the dragon.

"Dad! No!" Hiccup hissed, jumping up out of his bed. "What are you talking about?"

"I know it was you!" Stoic yelled at the series of groaning noises he heard. With one swift move he threw the axe at the dragon. Luckily, it missed, lodging itself into the wall mere inches from Hiccup's ear.

Hiccup gasped, feeling himself start to panic. Something was wrong. His dad never pranked him like this. It was scary. Hiccup looked down at his hands and realized just what Stoic had been yelling about. \_He must think I...that the human me... \_Hiccup screamed, sending a purple flame out of his mouth and through the ceiling of the small house.

Stoic grabbed the axe and started trying to rip it out of the wall. "Damn my strength!" he yelled, putting his foot against the wall for extra leverage.

Hiccup's eyes were wide, but he scooped up his clothes as a last second thought and ran out of the room. There was a large crashing noise coming from his room, and Hiccup knew what it meant. He ran as fast as he could down the steps, tripping over himself and landing on the floor in a heap. Trying to run on two feet like a human was very hard on him. He shook his head, dazed from the fall, and looked up, seeing Stoic the Vast in all his angered glory coming after him.

"No! Dad!" but Stoic threw the axe again, and Hiccup screamed. The axe lodged into his upper arm. Tears came to his eyes as the pain overwhelmed him, black blood pouring down his injured arm. In a blind fog of confusion, fear, and pain, he opened his mouth and screamed. He not only screamed, but shot fire balls, one by one, right at his father. One hit the floor before the large man, one hit the wall

behind him, but the last one, it hit him good, right in the heart. Stoic fell to the steps in a heap of fur and fat.

Hiccup stood up, tears blurring his vision, and he ran, running on all fours, out through the door, knocking it down in the process. "I killed my dad!" he whispered, running faster into the forest. "I KILLED MY DAD!" he screamed, running faster into the dark forest. This was not how he wanted to spend his day.

\* \* \*

><p>6 years later...<p>

"I can't believe I still did that." Hiccup said to Verihama weakly, rubbing his scaled back against hers in an attempt to gain her comfort. The only way they ever understood each other was when they were both dragons. With that being the case, he had many secrets lying with his sister. Today they were reminiscing to the night Hiccup realized he had gained the life of a Night Fury somehow. Verihama never told him how, though she didn't find it important to tell him \_every \_detail.

"You were afraid." she whispered into his ear, licking the top of his head in an attempt to groom him. "And you didn't know about your powers."

"Yeah." he lowered his big head and plopped down on the ground. "That doesn't make the guilt go away."

She sighed and laid down next to him, licking his head once more. "Y-ya naw, iz nau you faut-"

"Don't talk with your mouth full." Hiccup scolded playfully, rolling onto his back so that she could no longer lick his skull.

"You know it's not your fault." she repeated, laying her head on his upturned chest. "And you know for a fact it didn't do more than burn off some of his chest hair." she stuck her tongue out in disgust.

Hiccup chuckled and rolled over onto his side. "I just wish I knew how I got my powers."

Verihama got very cold with the mention of his powers. It hurt to lie, and she couldn't tell him the truth. She knew how he felt about them, how he didn't want them. "Well...you know..." she cleared her throat. "You can't get the gods to take their gifts back. And you know how bleak it looked. They couldn't just let the future chief die!"

Hiccup nodded and sighed aloud. "I know." he looked down at her and stuck his tongue out to lick her ear.

"Ew! Don't do that!" she giggled, shaking her ear and intentionally hitting him in the nose with it.

"Make me!" he laughed, licking her ear again.

"You are definitely a little brother." she rolled her eyes and stood up.

Hiccup stood up too, although the second he did he also crouched down.

"What are you doing?" Verihama asked, noticing this display. Hiccup smirked and shook his shoulders. "You better-" and with that, he pounced on her, cutting off her sentence and smiling evilly down at her when she tried to push him off.

"Hey," he said sarcastically "You told me to!"

She rolled her eyes and pushed him off. "You're such a dork."

He smiled and rolled around his back. "Yes. But I'm your dork." when she smiled, he added "And you love me anyway."

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><p><strong>So, there's the second chapter. :3 I don't know the next time I'll be able to update. But I hope you like this story anyway! If you read and it pleases you, please review! :D<strong>

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*A/N: I have the song iNSaNiTY stuck in my head cx It's a good song. Anywho, it's late at night, I'm drinking flavored water and eating potato chips, but, here's my best shot at chapter 3. Thanks for all the reviews guys! I love you! :3\*\*

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><p>Now that we have successfully discussed Hiccup's past, we may skip ahead to the present, where we find Hiccup, Toothless, and Stoic together in the small chief's home...<p>

"So, what be your problem today, lad?" Stoic asked, scratching at his long and rather burly beard.

Hiccup had been feeling sick to his stomach, refusing to come out of his room until Stoic heard him vomiting. Somehow, the boy had caught an illness that only dragons, and more specifically, only Night Fury dragons could contract. Like any other illness, it would have passed without little concern. But, Hiccup was vomiting up liquid fire, and was worried about burning the house down. Somehow, he had to voice this to his father. "I'm feeling really odd of late." he said simply, twiddling his thumbs and not making eye contact with his father.

Laying behind him was Toothless, who rubbed his upper arm gently with her nose. Stoic noticed the action and stiffened, only to smile a moment later. "It's so hard to get used to those creatures being...well...being so affectionate."

Hiccup nodded, looking up at Toothless and rubbing her nose. "I know." he chuckled nervously. "Anyway, Dad, I wanted to ask you if I could hang out in the forest-" he felt a wave of nausea whip through him. It was all he could do not to vomit in front of his father. When the feeling passed, he continued. "Forest-" he burped. "Until it passes."



Stoic shot him a sideways glance. "Why would you do that?"

Hiccup thought for a moment. "Uh...uh...because!" he looked at his father's forehead so that it appeared he was making eye contact when he really wasn't. "Because I have a migraine with this sickness! Yeah that's it! And I would rather not be disturbed by, ah, anyone." Hiccup grimaced as he saw the look on his father's face.

It was obvious that the older man was digesting everything that Hiccup had said, taking his sweet time to figure out exactly what the boy had meant. After taking several minutes for himself (with what appeared to be steam flowing from his ears) he nodded and said "That is one odd request, my son." he looked Hiccup straight in the face. "But! I am no caring mother! If you must take care of yourself, then go ahead." Stoic thought to himself \_This is the perfect chance to see if the boy has what it takes to survive without me! \_Because someday Hiccup would be Chief, and Chief without Stoic.

Hiccup's eyes brightened, even though it seemed like his mood had darkened. "Thanks, dad. It really means a lot to me." He stood up and walked towards the exit. With Stoic watching him, Hiccup blushed lightly as he pulled out a pre-packed bag. Stoic shot him another sideways glance and Hiccup shrugged. "I had been planning on you saying yes." he said quickly, throwing the pack onto his pack.

Stoic nodded and saluted him loosely. "Whatever makes you happy."

Hiccup nodded and whistled. Toothless stood up, stretched her wings, and followed him out of the house. After a short time of walking, they were well hidden within the shrubbery and vegetation of the forest. Hiccup put the pack down and collapsed, panting, to the ground.

Toothless shot him a sideways glance, and Hiccup laughed dryly. "I...I had it packed heavily." Toothless's eyes widened. "It has everything I need." Seeming to accept that answer, Toothless laid down on the ground beside him and shook her head, sneezing in the process.

"I know I can say anything I want right now." Hiccup chuckled, pushing on her shoulder lightly. She rolled her eyes and laid her head on the ground. "Especially in Icelandic." he petted her head. "Buttttttt, you'll probably shoot me when I turn." he took his hand away and rolled over onto his side.

Toothless, seeing this motion, rolled onto her side as well, pulling him into a big, dragon-sized hug. Hiccup smiled at her warm embrace, but felt slightly suffocated by her. To change that, he became a dragon in her arms. In a matter of seconds, his leg and prosthetic had become two Night Fury legs and feet. His core changed from that of a small teen, to that of a strong Night Fury's. The last to change was his upper body and head, but they did so in a wiff of purple smoke, just like the rest of his body. When his transformation was complete, he laid in his sister's arms, his wings folded up comfortably between them.

Verihama nuzzled into his neck. "How're you feeling?" she asked, rubbing the back of his neck with her nose.

"Sick-" he burped, lightly purple sparks erupting from his mouth.

The dragon smirked. "It's a good thing I'm holding my breath." she giggled lightly.

"Ha-" he burped again. "Ha. Very funny." he purposely leaned in and breathed in her face.

She took a wiff of his breath and gagged. "You \_are \_sick! Whew!" she waved at the air in front of her face with her paw. "Good thing we're going to bed."

"But-"

"No buts!" she put her arm back around his chest. "You need sleep if you're going to fight off that cold."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Yeah yeah yeah." he took in a deep, relaxing breath, let it out, and closed his eyes. Verihama licked his neck in an attempt to soothe him. Within a few seconds, she could feel his muscles relaxing under her touch. Soon, he was snoring softly, fast asleep in her arms. She stopped licking him and laid her head down behind his.

"Good night, little Cup." she whispered before falling asleep behind him.

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><p>The next morning, Astrid was out exceptionally early. The dawn was her favorite time to watch for dragons, because so many of them seemed to be asleep. That morning in particular, she had stumbled across two Night Furies, cuddled together in their slumber. She giggled and sat on a rock a good distance away, watching the large beasts' chests rise and fall. The monsters were rather peaceful, and she envied Hiccup his dragon. Sure, her Nadder was a sweet thing, but she had a hard time connecting to it.<p>

Lost in her thoughts, she didn't notice as the smaller dragon wormed his way from his sister's grasp and stood up, stretching his scales in the early morning sun. He had realized long ago that it was easier to walk on all fours than to try to walk on his back paws, so this was what he considered to be "standing up" when in dragon form; being on all fours.

Hiccup walked groggily over to a small patch of flowers and watched, waiting for the bees to do their morning pollination. He took in a breath, breathing in some of the pollen, and he sneezed, ripping Astrid from her thoughts. Out of surprise, he looked up, making total eye contact with Astrid. His eyes widened, and his mouth drooped open.

Astrid saw this and chuckled, realizing the animal was indeed 'toothless' at that moment in time. Hiccup looked at her oddly and she pointed to her teeth. His eyes widened and he put a paw to his mouth, relaxing when he realized that his usual row of pearly whites were within his gum line, and not threatening his crush.

He sat up on his back paws, using his wings for support. "Come on over to me." he said to her. What she heard was "Roooraar." but she saw the kindness in his eyes and started to approach him, her arm distended and her eyes never leaving his. Hiccup nodded and put his nose down to her hand's level. When she was touching his nose, she blinked, slightly pulled back.

The dragon's nostrils were so large, and the way he was breathing made her shiver. Never before had she been so close to a Night Fury. This was how Hiccup must have felt when he befriended Toothless. She smiled weakly and removed her hand. Hiccup looked down at his knee then back up at her. "What?" she asked, noticing the weird motion.

Hiccup looked down at his knee again, then back up at her. "Sit on my lap."

The dragon made a soft noise at her, as though he was trying to plead with her. Her eyes looked at his knee, and back up into his face. He nodded, looking down at his knee again. Very cautiously, she worked her way onto his knee, feeling slightly awkward the whole time. When she had successfully sat upon his rather large knee and thigh area, he patted the top of her head lightly with his paw. "Roor." he said gently, a smile on his face.

"You're-" she felt cold all of a sudden. What if her Nadder saw her? Would he fight with this friendly, wild dragon? She hopped off of his knee quickly and backed away. Hiccup shot her a sideways glance. "I already have a dragon." she responded, looking down at her boots. "I don't want him to fight you if...you know...he catches me with you."

She was treating him like he was some sort of cheat. Hiccup's eyes narrowed and he frowned, crossing his arms as best he could.

"Well, it's not my fault!" Astrid replied, looking him in the face.

Hiccup looked away from her in frustration, nodding once.

"No it is not!" Astrid had her hands on her hips. "I didn't even know you existed!"

Hiccup opened a single eye to look at her before slamming it shut again.

"Fine!" her arms dropped to her sides. "Oh gods." she whispered to herself, her eyes wide. "I just talked to a dragon." she smacked her forehead lightly and hid her one eye under her palm. "Now I really know how Hiccup felt."

At the mention of his name, Hiccup looked straight at her.

"What?" she asked against her better judgement. "Do you know Hiccup too?"

Hiccup nodded, then thought about it for a second, and shook his head.

"Well, which is it?"

He shook his head again and smiled.

"Dragons." she rolled her eyes. "I'll believe that." she turned. "BUT!" she turned back around and looked at the dragon dead on. "I'll be back tomorrow." and with that, she turned away again and started walking back towards the village.

Hiccup watched her go until he couldn't see her anymore. Then, he exhaled the breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

"Who was that?"

Hiccup jumped, falling over on his side. "Oh my gods, Verihama!" he hissed, panting frantically. "You gave me a heart attack!"

Verihama chuckled and rolled her eyes. "Why are you so spooky?" she asked the sky sarcastically.

"Why are you so scary?" he asked, righting himself and standing back up.

"Touche, my little protege." she chuckled and spread her wings out. "Shall we go?"

"Why?" Hiccup asked before he could stop himself. "I mean, uh...I like this meadowy thing." he directed to the land around them.

"There isn't a watering hole here." Verihama said stiffly, glancing around before looking back at him. "If you're going to get better, you need water."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and sighed. "But, the grass is soft here-"

"There's no food, either." Verihama looked around. A smirk worked onto her face. "You want to stay here to see that human girl, don't you Hiccup?"

Hiccup blushed, but didn't make eye contact. "No...no. Whatever gave you-...uh-" she was looking at him, the smirk getting wider on her face.

"You like that girl, don't you?"

Hiccup sighed and nodded. "That's Astrid-"

"Oh! The girl from your village that you always talk about?" Verihama asked happily. "I see why you want to be near her all of a sudden!"

"Well, yeah-"

"But we really cannot stay here, little brother." the she-dragon contemplated. "You need fresh water and a nice place to sleep. I'm sure she'll be able to find you at the watering hole."

Hiccup sighed and nodded. "True. That's where she found me with you when I was human that one time."

"And we kidnapped her." Verihama added, the smirk once again on her face.

"Yeah-"

"So it's settled!" she stomped her front paw on the ground happily. "We'll go to the watering hole!" she picked up his bag with her mouth and threw it at him. He dodged it in a rush. "What was that?" she questioned.

"Oh, there's nothing in it." he chuckled, laughing at her confused face. "At least, nothing useful to a dragon."

"What's in it?" Verihama asked, glaring at the bag as though waiting for it to move.

"Rocks." Hiccup laughed, opening the top of the pack and letting its contents spill out onto the ground.

"You little trickster!" she laughed, realizing what his plan had been. "You had that all set up so that your father wouldn't question you!"

"Mhm." Hiccup nodded. "I'm not stupid."

Verihama rolled her eyes and nodded. "Yeah...sometimes."

"What do you mean sometimes?" Verihama smirked and ran off into the woods. "What do you mean?!" Hiccup yelled, running in after her.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: There's chapter 3 for ya. No drama yet. But it is coming, I promise you that. Some of you might have even picked up where it'll be coming from. ;) Thanks for the support! If you read, and it pleases you, please review!\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*A/N: OhMiGodd saw the Conjuring last night. Best horror movie I've seen in a long time! :D You seriously need to go see that bitch if you like horror. I mean, my god, wow. Haha.  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p>The next few days, Hiccup became gradually worse, his sickness taking a deeper hold on his body. Verihama looked after him to the best of her ability, soothing him when the vomiting became explosive, and when the pain became unbearable. This is how Astrid stumbled upon him each and every day in the watering hole. Some days he would meet her and rub his nose against her shoulder, and other days he could hardly lift his head, but managed to smile his toothless smile. He worked hard to make her see that he wasn't harmful, even with the sickness taking more out of him with each day.<p>

One day in particular, Astrid sat down next to Hiccup and rubbed his scaly back. Hiccup and Verihama had decided the previous day that if

he should become human in his current state, it would be as good as a death sentence. He was incredibly weak, and the shine had long since left his scales. That day, when Astrid petted and soothed him, some of his black scales came off in her touch. She pulled her hand back in shock, looking at the bald spot she had unintentionally rubbed onto his body.

Verihama noticed this as well, and she approached the other dragon slowly, not wanting to spook Astrid, but also not allowing herself to neglect this new development. When she reached them, she licked the bald spot, more scales coming off on her tongue. Hiccup moaned and closed his eyes.

"What's wrong?" Verihama asked calmly, wiping his dead scales from her mouth.

"I...I feel..." he took in a deep, shaggy breath and exhaled. "I'm in so...so much p-pain." he whispered. "Ver-" he looked at her with big, pleading eyes.

"Hiccup?"

"I want...want to show A-astrid who-o I really a-am." his voice wavered with his pain. "I-I couldn't st-stand dying wi-without my love knowing who...\_what \_I am."

Verihama licked his face gently and sighed. "You're not going to die, Hiccup. Just give yourself some time-"

"Don't l-lie to me." Hiccup hissed, glaring at her. "My s-scales are fal-lling off. You kn-know as well as I-I do that th-this is b-bad."

"Yes." she whispered, rubbing the side of his face with her nose. "But you could-"

Hiccup shook his head. "No." and with that, he looked at Astrid and nudged her.

"What are you doing?" Astrid asked, standing up when the dragon touched her.

Hiccup smiled weakly and shakily stood up. Then, he hung his head, allowing the purple smoke change him back into the viking he was. When the transformation was complete, he fell to his knees, hiding his face in his hands.

"\_Hiccup?\_" Astrid asked, eyes widened and body paralyzed.

"I-I wanted t-to-o show you who I-I was-s...before I...d-die." Hiccup looked up at her, tears forming in his eyes.

"\_Die?\_" she echoed, her face pale with the fear in her heart. "You're not-"

Hiccup nodded. "Yes...I am."

"And you're a-"

"Yes."

"Then that means-"

"I know."

Astrid, fear working through her like ice, started to back away from his shriveling figure. "No-" she whispered, walking backwards. Her heel met a stone, and she fell to the ground, landing on her butt. "Hiccup-" tears came to her own eyes as it finally hit her. The boy, the mighty dragon trainer, was a dragon himself. She looked at the other dragon, her eyes wide. "Is that...Toothless?"

Hiccup sprawled out on the ground, his stomach aching worse than it had been when he was a dragon, if that was even possible. "Yes." he moaned, lifting his hand to his sister. She laid down beside him and pulled him into her grasp. "Astrid...I love you-"

Astrid shook her head and stood up, dusting herself off and wanting to unsee everything. But she couldn't. Shaking her head the attempt to clear her mind, but only brought the thoughts on quicker, making her feel more miserable by the second. "You...you lied to me-" she glared at him through her tears. "You lied to all of us. About everything."

Hiccup shook his head, but Verihama started to hiss. "I left this part out, yes." he held his sister's arms across his chest in an attempt to soothe her.

Astrid turned away, feeling the betrayal seep through her. Subconsciously, her hand rubbed her eye, and it came away soaked. She looked at it, back at Hiccup, shook her head, and ran away. She closed her eyes and ran as quickly as she could through the forest, back to the village, away from everything she had just seen and discovered.

She passed several people on her way into the village. By the time she had reached Stoic's house, she had gained a crowd. "Stoic!" she yelled, pounding on his front door. "STOIC!" The house shook under her fist.

"He's not here, lass." Gobber stepped forward, his arms crossed carelessly. "What's gone wrong, then?"

Astrid turned to look at him, tears streaming down her face. "Hiccup is...he's-" she let out a silent sob.

"He's what?" Gobber asked, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Astrid-"

"He's dying." Astrid said, looking into his eyes. "He's dying." she repeated, allowing it to sink in the air around them.

The group gasped and started whispering. A thickness hung in the air that took the saying "thick as pea soup" to a whole new level.

"Are you sure?" Gobber asked, looking at her with confusion. "What's happened to him?"

"He...he..." she sniffed and directed for him to come closer to her. He did, and she whispered into his ear. "He's a Night Fury...and he's

got a horrible sickness that's killing him."

Gobber's mouth dropped as he pulled away from her. "You don't mean that?"

Astrid nodded sadly and hugged herself. "He \_showed \_me directly."

Gobber looked confused, but his heart ached at the same time. He cared for the boy, even considered himself to be Hiccup's adopted mother (though that would be a rather long and confusing story how he is 'mother' and not 'father'). The fact that the boy could be dying as he and Astrid stood in front of his house was enough to make the burly viking shudder. He looked to the crowd that surrounded them. "There is nothing wrong with Hiccup." he lied through his rotting teeth. "The lass is just playin' a right foul joke on me."

Astrid opened her mouth to protest, but shut it again as she was the crowd of people shrug and start to walk away. "You're a genius." she whispered as the last person finally left.

Gobber smirked. "I know." then, his face gained a look of concern. "Where is he, Astrid? Will ya show me?"

Astrid nodded. "Yes-" she cleared her throat. "But he might already be dead."

Gobber laid his arm across her shoulders and pulled her close to him. "I'm sure he'll be fine." but deep down he didn't feel it at all. Rather, he felt that something was horribly wrong with Hiccup. In the pit of his stomach he knew that Astrid was telling the truth, and it was heard to bear. He loved Hiccup like the child he could never have. It killed him inside that the boy could be dying, or even dead.

Astrid pulled away and nodded. "Follow me." she then turned and started running towards the forest.

Gobber shook his head, warping out of the trance he didn't realize he was in. "Wait for me, eh!" he yelled, running after her as fast as his prosthetic would allow him to. It had been years since the last time he had run like he was now, his fat belly jiggling with every step. On a normal day, he would have started to walk by now, appearing to be defiant, when in reality he was just too tired to continue his trek. But today was different. No matter how tired he got, he would not stop running until Hiccup was within his grasp.

At the pace they were going, it only took a few minutes to get to the dragon, who was holding Hiccup in her arms and licking the top of his head.

"Toothless." Hiccup moaned, his eyes tightly shut. "Don't lick my hair-"

Gobber chuckled lightly and got down beside them, petting Toothless's arms in an attempt to remove them from Hiccup. Toothless glared at Gobber, tightening her grip ever-so-slightly on the delicate human body in her grasp. Gobber sighed and lightly petted Hiccup's cheek.



Hiccup's eyes fluttered open, landing on Gobber in an instant. "Gobber?" he asked quietly. "What are you doing here?"

Gobber smiled sadly at the pale child in his dragon's grasp. "I've come to help you." he whispered, petting Hiccup as lightly as he dared. "How're you feeling?"

Hiccup, his face pale and eyes swollen, laughed lightly and looked his friend right in the eye. "Like shit." he coughed weakly and smiled.

Gobber rolled his eyes. "Astrid told me about your sickness, lad." he shifted from side to side awkwardly. "Does being a dragon help you feel better?"

Hiccup's eyes widened. "I don't...uh, don't know what you're talking ab-

"Come on, Hiccup." Gobber crossed his arms. "Are you calling Astrid a liar?"

Hiccup sighed and shook his head. "No. Being a dragon is supposed to help me fight off the sickness better, because it is a sickness only dragons can get. But I've been too weak to change back."

Gobber nodded. "That's what I thought." he sighed and removed his hand from Hiccup's head.

Hiccup nodded. "I'm going to die, Gobber." his bottom lip trembled, and he hid his face in Toothless's arm.

"Hiccup, change back into a dragon." Gobber said strongly. "You're going to survive this."

Hiccup shook his head. "I'm too weak to change!"

Gobber shook his head. "No you are not!" Hiccup's eye peaked over Toothless's arm. "You're the strongest person I know." he smiled weakly back at Hiccup. "Come on, lad. Do it for me."

Hiccup sighed. "I...I don't..." he cleared his throat. "Let me go Toothless." The dragon whined at him, but he patted her arm. The dragon nipped his hair, but let him go. Hiccup crawled out of her grasp on his hands and knees, and landed on the ground a foot away from her. Gobber backed up out of his way. He looked up at Gobber and smiled. "I'll try-" he took in a deep breath and held it as purple smoke covered his body. Within a few seconds, he was a dragon, laying on the ground with his tail in his sister's face.

Verihama nibbled his tail gently and chuckled. "Move your tail, silly." she cooed.

"Deal with it." he whispered back.

Gobber stared down at Hiccup, his dragon scales shining in the warm sun. "Well I'll be damned." he whispered, unable to hide his smile as Hiccup looked at him. "Good job, Hiccup." he patted the dragon on the head.

Hiccup nodded and purred. Then, he ripped his head away from the

human and vomited, turning the ground to flames.

Gobber nodded sadly and petted Hiccup on the back. "You'll be ok, boy." he whispered.

Hiccup nodded and looked around. Astrid had long since gone, not bothering to stick around after Gobber had found Hiccup. Gobber noticed this as well, and he sighed. "I'll have to talk to that lass."

Hiccup shook his large head in protest, letting out a series of moans.

"You should let him, brother." Verihama whispered to Hiccup.

"No." Hiccup continued to shake his head. "She was right...about everything."

"You're as stubborn as your father." Gobber chuckled, seeing the exchange between the two dragons. "How about you come with me, eh?" he asked, looking Hiccup in the eyes. "I know an old sha-woman who can probably heal you."

Hiccup looked up at him, understanding the word 'heal' very clearly. Verihama picked this up as well. She nudged Hiccup's head towards Gobber. "Let him take care of you."

Gobber smiled, leaning down and working his hand and prosthetic (which was currently wielding a metal stub) under the dragon and lifted him up, bride style. Hiccup looked at the man, and Gobber nodded. "I got ya lad. You're just a fish bone." he winked. Hiccup nodded. "Well, we best be going. Are you coming along, Toothless?"

Toothless heard her name, and looked at Hiccup.

"Come with us?" he asked her weakly.

"To where?" she asked back.

"He's taking me to a sha-woman that might be able to heal me." Hiccup replied.

Verihama nodded and stood up, stretching her vast wings.

"That a boy." Gobber said happily when he saw Toothless stand up. He didn't know what the two dragons had said to each other, but whatever it was, hopefully it wasn't 'attack the fat one' or something to that effect. Not that he would be offended if called 'fat one', he just didn't want to be attacked.

Hiccup shot one last glance at his sister before lying his head down on Gobber's shoulder and closing his eyes, a nice, long nap awaiting him.

\* \* \*

><p>The trek would have normally taken Gobber about half a day. But with carrying a dragon in his arms (who no longer seemed like much of a fish bone), the hike took twice as long. By the time they reached

the little cottage, it was well into the night. The only sign that the healer was still awake was a bright light that shone through the windows.<p>

Toothless saw this and looked to Gobber curiously.

"She must still be awake." he said happily, patting Hiccup lightly on the shoulder. "Wake up, lad." he whispered into the big, black ear nearest to his mouth. Hiccup shuddered and yawned, opening his eyes groggily and looking at Gobber. "We're here."

Hiccup nodded and closed his eyes, laying his head back down on Gobber's shoulder once more. Gobber rolled his eyes, but allowed the dragon to sleep.

Soon, he stood in front of the door, his prosthetic pounding the door as loudly as he dared.

"Hello?" a woman's voice called from within the house. "Who goes there?" she opened the door a crack and looked out. The sight she beheld was quite indifferent when compared to much more ridiculous things she had seen in the past. "What do you want?" she asked the fat man.

"Hello, great one." Gobber said reverently. "I'd bow, but my hands are full at the moment." The woman raised an eyebrow through the crack of the door. "I have brought you my...er...son. I think he is dying. Please heal him."

The woman nodded and opened the door. "Come on in." she said, holding the door open for the large man.

Gobber smiled and walked in. Toothless came to the door, only to have it slammed in her face as soon as the woman saw her. She growled, but laid down on the ground, knowing that her burning and/or knocking the door down could infuriate the woman who may be able to save her brother. It was an annoying side effect, but she did not want to be the cause of her brother's second death.

With Gobber safely inside the house, the woman introduced herself. "I am the sha-woman Grice." she informed, bowing slightly.

"Thank you, sha-woman. I am Gobber. This is my son, Greg. He is a Night Fury, and has caught something that only Night Furies can contract." he informed her.

"I see why you brought him to me." Grice smiled. "Please, place him here." she directed towards a small cot on the floor by a cozy fire. Gobber did just that and smiled at her, relief washing over him as his load was instantly lightened. "Now, if you don't mind, I'll need to do some rather personal testing on the boy."

Gobber's eyes widened. "Oh. Ok then." he looked around. "Where should I go?"

"Outside, with the dragon's mother." Grice informed slowly. "I'm sure she will be wanting word of her son."

Gobber shot her a sideways glance. "The dragon...I mean, Greg lost his mother a long time ago."

The woman shrugged. "Nonsense. That dragon out there has been his mother."

"What do you mean?"

"Shoo shoo!" the woman waved him away.

The fat man's shoulders slumped, but he did what he was told and left the small building. When he was outside, he plopped down on the ground and leaned his back against a tree. As he laid there, his eyes began to flutter. It wasn't til he was almost asleep when he realized how much of a toll carrying Hiccup had taken on his broken body. Even though he was a strong man, the journey had been long. In the end, it seemed like each step took all his willpower. With a final nod towards the house, he yawned, and drifted off to sleep.

\* \* \*

><p>The next morning he awoke with a start, shaking his head in an attempt to wake himself. Toothless was nowhere to be found, he decided, as he pushed himself up off the ground. The sun was shining brightly down onto the grassy lands around him, and the cottage seemed to be lit up by the pure light. His knees cracked and ached, but he made it over to the door, and he knocked on it.<p>

"Who is it?" Grice's voice singsonged from inside.

"It's me!" Gobber called loudly. "Greg's father!"

"Just a minute!" Grice's smile was evident in her voice. He could hear her two feet's pitter patter across the rocky floor. With a mighty creak, the solid oak door flew open, exposing the smiling woman.

Gobber was slightly taken aback with this weird sight, and he wanted to question her on it, but decided against it and smiled. "How is my son?"

Grice smiled and held the door open for Gobber. "Why don't you see for yourself?"

Gobber nodded and walked in, looking this way and that for the boy he cared about so much. Something didn't seem right, though. The house just seemed so much more...peaceful, than it had been the night prior. He glanced left and right, his eyes falling on different shadows all throughout the room. One of the shadows moved, and he jumped, watching it slink towards him. When it came into the light, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was staring back at him, a large smile on his freckled face.

"Gob-Dad!" Hiccup caught himself and ran towards Gobber.

"Hiccup?" Gobber whispered, watching as the boy grabbed around his large stomach and pull him into a large hug. "You're ok?"

Hiccup nodded and smiled up at him. "Yes." he dug his face into Gobber's stomach. All heard a muffled "Thank you."

Gobber sighed and pulled the boy up, holding him in both his arms,

bridal style. He stuck his face into Hiccup's belly and blew, causing a farting noise to emanate from the area. Hiccup giggled and tried to move, but Gobber held him where he was. "You're a funny little fish bone, you know that?" Gobber asked, lifting his head and looking happily into Hiccup's green eyes.

Hiccup nodded. "You're not the only one who's told me that." he smirked and started to laugh again.

Grice walked over to the scene, a smile playing on her lips as she held up a bottle with purple and green liquid inside. Hiccup grimaced and stuck his tongue out, but took the bottle anyway. "You need to take this once a day until it's gone. Then, you will be healed." she said simply. "You already took your daily dose this morning-" Hiccup nodded and gagged. She looked at Gobber. "Make sure he takes it, and doesn't miss a single dose, or he will be just as sick as yesterday, and the potion will no longer work."

Gobber nodded and looked Hiccup in the eye toughly. "You hear that?" Hiccup nodded again. "Take the dang medicine." he smiled weakly at Hiccup. "I know you can do it."

"Yeah, I don't know." Hiccup replied, looking at the contents in the bottle with disgust. "This stuff tastes like shit."

Gobber rolled his eyes. "We'll see if we can't get some berries for flavor once we get back to the village." he put the light boy down and looked at Grice. "What do I owe you?" he asked, looking from Hiccup and the potion to the small woman.

"Nothing." she smirked happily. "The boy already paid me." and with that, she laughed shrilly and disappeared in a wiff of grey smoke.

"What does she mean?" Gobber looked at Hiccup with eyebrows raised.

"I don't know." Hiccup shrugged. "She took some of my blood earlier."

Gobber rolled his eyes. "That was probably it then. Crazy old bag." he started out the door and waved to Hiccup. "Come on, then. Let's go home."

"Coming!" Hiccup ran out the front door behind it and slammed it shut behind him.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Sorry if the ending to this was kinda crappy. I've been out of it for a few days, and this chapter has been in the making for four days. You just kinda get sick of it, ya know? But now, anyway, it's done, and something like 4,000 words. I hope that's long enough for ya. Cuz I don't think I'll be doing it again. I can comfortably write chapters that are around 2500 words.

><strong>

\*\*If you read, please review! If you find a problem, I accept constructive criticism! Thank you in advance!\*\*

End  
file.